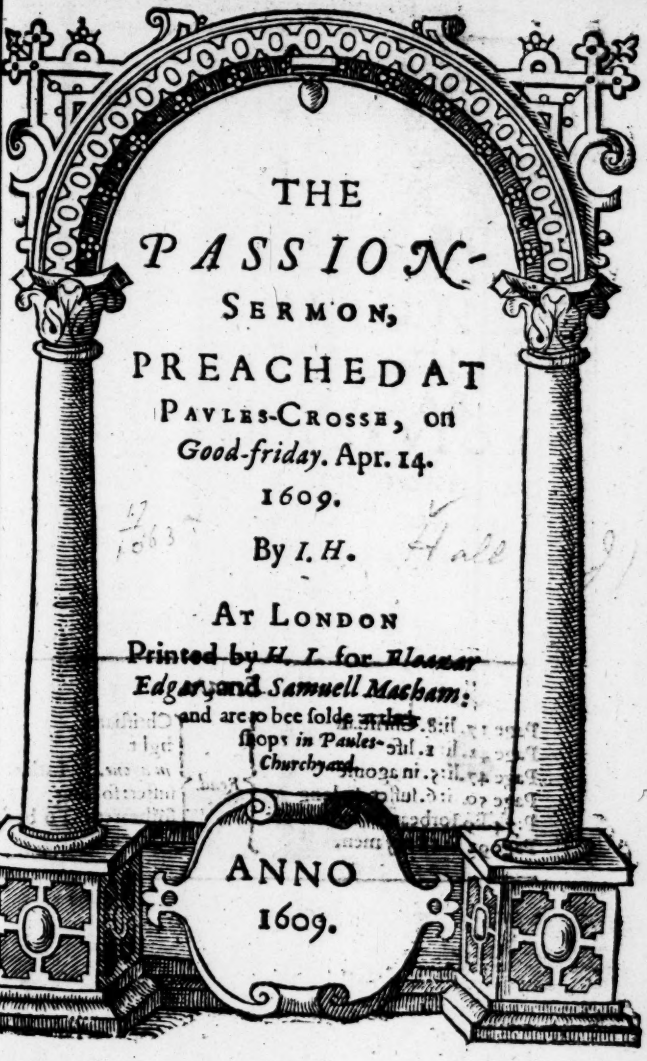

THE PASSION-SERMON, PREACHED AT PAVLES-CROSSE, on *Good-friday*. Apr. 14. 1609.

By *I. H.*

AT LONDON
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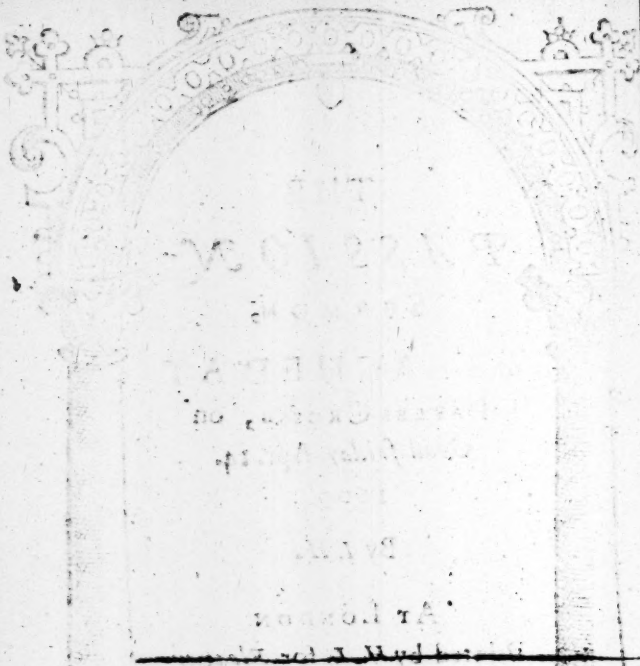

Errata.

Page 17. li:8. Chriſtian	Read	Chriſtians
Page 42. li: 1. life		light
Page 47. li:5. in agonie		*in agone.* Latine.
Page 50. li: 6. ſuffer, ſo long		ſuffer: ſo long
P:74. l:9. forbeareth to be ſhort		forbeareth: To be ſho
Page 92 li: 18 my men.		by men.

TO THE ONLY
HONOVR AND GLORY
OF GOD MY DEAR AND
BLESSED SAVIOVR
(WHICH HATH DONE AND
SVFFERED ALL THESE
THINGS FOR MY
SOVLE)
HIS WEAKE AND VN-
WORTHY SERVANT HVM.
BLIE DESIRES TO CONSE-
CRATE HIMSELFE AND HIS
POOR LABOVRS: BESEECH-
ING HIM TO ACCEPT AND BLESSE
THEM TO THE PVBLIQVE
good; and to the praiſe of his owne
glorious NAME.

NOT TO BE ONLY

To the READER.

I Desire not to make any Apologie for the edition of this my Sermon: It is motiue enough, that herein I affect a more publike, and more induring good. Spirituall niceneſs is the next degree to vnfaithfullneſs: This point cannot be too much vrged, either by the tongue, or preſſe. Religion and our ſoules depend vpon it; yet are our thoughts too much beſide it. The Church of Rome ſo fixes her-ſelfe (in her adoration) vpon the

croſſe of Chriſt, as if ſhee forgat his glorie: Many of vs ſo conceiue of him glorious, that wee neglect the meditation of his Croſſe, the way to his glory, and ours. If wee would proceede aright, we muſt paſſe frō his Golgotha, *to the mount of* Oliues, *and from thence to heauen; and there ſeeke and ſettle our reſt. According to my weake abilitie, I haue led this way in my ſpeech; beſeeching my Readers to follow mee with their hearts, that wee may ouer-take him which is entred into the true ſanctuarie, euen the higheſt heauens, to appeare now in the ſight of God for vs.*

(.·.)

IOHN. 19. verſe 30.

When Ieſus therefore had receiued the Vineger, he ſaid; It is finiſhed: *and bowing the head, hee gaue vp the ghoſt.*

THE bitter and yet victorious paſſion of the ſonne of GOD (right honourable and beloued Chriſtians) as it was the ſtrangeſt thing that euer befell the Earth: So, is both of moſt ſoueraigne vſe, & looks for the moſt frequent & careful meditation. It is one of thoſe thinges which was once done, that it might be thought of for euer. Euery day therfore

muſt be the Good-friday of a Chriſtian: who, with that great Doctor of the Gentiles, muſt deſire to know nothing but Ieſus Chriſt, and him crucified.

There is no branch or circūſtance in this wonderfull buſineſſe, which yieldes not infinite matter of diſcourſe. According to the ſolemnity of this time & place, I haue choſen to commend vnto your Chriſtian attention, our Sauiours Farevvell to Nature (for, his reuiuing was aboue it) in his laſt word, in his laſt act. His laſt word, *It is finiſhed*; his laſt act, *Hee gaue vp the ghoſt*: That which hee ſaid, hee did. If there be any Theme that may challenge and commaund

our

our eares & harts, this is it: for, behold; the sweetest word that euer Christ spake, and the most meritorious act that euer hee did, are met together in this his last breath. In the one, yee shall see him triumphing; yielding in the other, yet so as hee ouercomes. Imagine therefore, that you saw Christ Iesus, in this day of his passion (who is euery day heere crucified before your eyes) aduaunced vpon the chariot of his Crosse; and now, after a weary conflict, cheerefully ouer-looking the despight and shame of men, the wrath of his Father, the law, sin, death, hell; which all lie gasping at his foot: & then you shall conceiue with

what ſpirit hee ſaith *Conſummatum eſt*; *It is finiſhed.* What is finiſhed? Shortly; All the prophecies that were of him; All legall obſeruations, that prefigured him; His owne ſufferings; Our ſaluation. The prophecies are accompliſht; The ceremonies aboliſht; His ſufferings ended; Our ſaluation wrought. Theſe foure heads ſhall limit this firſt part of my ſpeech: onely let them find & leaue you attentiue.

Euen this very word is prophecied of: *All things that are written of me, haue an end*, ſaith Chriſt. What end? this, *It is finiſhed*: This very end hath his end heere. What therefore is finiſhed?

niſhed? Not this prediction onely of his laſt draught; as Auguſtine: that were too particular. Let our Sauiour himſelfe ſay; *All things that are written of me by the Prophets.* It is a ſure and conuertible rule; Nothing was done by Chriſt which vvas not foretold; nothing was euer fore-told by the Prophets of Chriſt, which was not done. It wold take vp a life, to compare the Prophets and Euangeliſts; the predictions and the hiſtory; & largely to diſcourſe, how the one fore-tells, and the other anſwers: let it ſuffice to looke at them, running. Of all the Euangeliſts, S. Mathew hath bin moſt ſtudious, in making theſe refe-

rences and correſpondences: with whom, the burden or vnderſong of euerie euent, is ſtill (*vt impleretur*) *That it might be fulfilled.* Thus hath he noted (if I haue reckoned thē aright) two and thirty ſeueral prophecies cōcerning Chriſt; fulfilled in his birth, life, death:

Eſay 7. 14. Mat. 1. 23.
Mic. 5. 2. Mat. 2. 6.
Eſay 11. 1. Mat. 2. 15.
Ier. 31. 15. Mat. 2. 18.
Iudg. 13. 5. Mat. 2. 23.
Eſa. 40. 3. Mat. 3. 2.
Eſay 9. 1. Mat. 4. 15
Leu. 14. 4. Mat. 8. 4.
Eſay 53. 4. Mat. 8. 17
Eſay 61. 1. Mat. 11. 4
Eſay 42. 1. Mat. 12. 17.
Ionā 1. 17. Mat. 12. 40
Eſay 6. 9. Mat. 13. 14
Pſal. 78 2. Mat. 13. 35
Eſ. 35 5. 6. Mat. 15. 30.
Eſ. 62. 11. Mat. 21. 5.
Zach. 9. 9. Mat. *Ibid.*
Ier. 7. 11. Mat. 21. 13.
Pſalm. 8. 3. Mat. 21. 16.
Eſay 5. 8. Mat. 21. 33.
Pſa. 118. 22. Mat. 21. 44.
Pſal. 110. 1. Mat. 22. 44.
Eſay 8. 14. Mat. 21. 44.
Pſal. 41. 9. Mat. 26. 31.
Eſa. 53. 10 Mat. 26. 54.
Zach. 13. 7. Mat. 26. 31.
Lam 4. 20. Mat. 26. 56.
Eſay. 50. 6 Mat. 26. 67.
Zac. 11. 13. Mat. 27. 9
Pſal. 22. 18. Mat. 27. 35.
Pſal. 22. 1. Mat. 27 46.
Pſal. 69. 22. Mat. 27. 48.

To which, S. Iohn adds many more. Our ſpeech muſt bee directed to his Paſsion; omitting the reſt, let vs inſiſt in thoſe. He muſt be apprehended: it vvas fore-prophecied; *The Anointed of the Lord was taken in their nets*, ſaith Ieremy: But how? He muſt be ſold; for what? thirtie ſiluer peeces: and what muſt thoſe do? Buy a field: all foretold; *And they tooke thirty ſiluer peeces, the price of him that was valued, & gaue them for the Potters field*, ſaith Zachary (miſwritten Ieremy; by one letter miſtaken in the abbreuiation). By whom? *that child of perdition, that the Scripture might bee fulfilled.* Which was hee? It is

fore-told; *He that eateth bread with me*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt. And what ſhall his diſciples do? Run away; ſo ſaith the prophecie: *I will ſmite the Shepheard, and the ſheepe ſhall be ſcattered*, ſaith Zachary. What ſhall bee done to him? He muſt be ſcourged and ſpit vpon: behold, not thoſe filthy excremẽts could haue light vpon his ſacred face without a prophecie; *I hid not my face frõ ſhame and ſpitting*, ſaith Eſay. What ſhal be the iſſue? In ſhort; he ſhall be led to death: it is the prophecie; *The Meſsias ſhal be ſlaine*, ſaith Daniel. What death? He muſt be lift vp; *Like as Moſes lift vp the Serpent in the wilderneſſe: ſo ſhall the ſonne of man*

be

bee liſt vp. Chryſoſtome ſaith well, that ſome actions are parables; ſo may I ſay, ſome actions are prophecies: ſuch are all types of Chriſt: & this with the formoſt. Lift vp? Whither? To the Croſſe: it is the prophecie; *Hanging vpon a tree,* ſaith Moſes. How liſt vp? Nayled to it: ſo is the prophecie; *Foderunt manus, they haue pierced my hãds and my feet,* ſaith the Pſalmiſt. with what cõpany? two thieues; *With the wicked was hee nũbred,* ſaith Eſay: Where? *without the gates,* ſaith the prophecie. What becomes of his garments? they cannot ſo much as caſt the dice for his coate, but it is prophecied; *They diuided my garments,*

κρεμάμενος ἐπι ξύλου.

and on my veſtures caſt lots, ſaith the Pſalmiſt. He muſt die then on the Croſſe: but how? voluntarilie. *Not a bone of him ſhall be brokē*. What hinders it? lo, there he hangs, as it were neglected, & at mercy; yet all the raging Iewes, no, all the deuils in hell, cannot ſtirre one bone in his bleſſed body: It was prophecied in the Eaſter-Lambe, and it muſt be fulfilled in him that is the true Paſſeouer, in ſpight of fiends and men. How then? hee muſt bee thruſt in the ſide: behold, not the very ſpeare could touch his precious ſide beeing dead, but it muſt be guided by a prophecie; *They ſhall ſee him whom they haue thruſt-thorough*,

ſaith Zacharie. What ſhal he ſay the while? Not his very words but are foreſpoken: his complaint, *Eli Eli lamma ſabactani*, as the Chalde; or עזבתני as the Hebrew, Pſalme 22, 2. His reſignation; *In manus tuas, Into thy hands I commend my ſpirit*; Pſalm 31, 5. His requeſt; *Father, forgiue them: Hee prayed for the tranſgreſſours*, ſaith Eſay. And now, when he ſaw all theſe prophecies were fulfilled; knowing that one remained, hee ſaid, *I thirſt. Domine, quid ſitis?* ſaith one; O LORD, vvhat thirſteſt thou for? A ſtrange hearing; that a man, yea, that GOD and MAN, dying, ſhould complaine of thirſt.

Could hee indure the ſcorching flames of the wrath of his Father, the curſe of our ſinnes, thoſe tortures of body, thoſe horrours of ſoule; and doth he ſhrinke at his thirſt? No, no: he could haue borne his drought; hee could not beare the Scripture not fulfilled. It was not neceſſity of Nature, but the neceſſity of his Fathers decree, that drew foorth this word, *I thirſt.* They offered it before: hee refuſed it. Whether it were an ordinary potion for the cõdemned, to haſten death (as in the ſtory of M. Antony) which is the moſt receiued conſtruction: or whether it were that Iewiſh potion, wherof the Rab-

bins

bines ſpeake; whoſe tradition was, that the malefactor to be executed, ſhould after ſome good counſell frō two of their Teachers, be taught to ſay; *Let my death be to the remiſsion of all my ſinnes*; and then, that hee ſhould haue giuen him a boule of mixt wine, with a graine of Frankincenſe, to bereaue him both of reaſon and paine.

Sit mors mea in remiſſionem omnium iniquitatum mearum.

Vt vſu rationis tollatur.

I durſt bee confident in this later; the rather, for that Saint Marke calls this draught οἶνον σμυρνισμένον: Myrrhe-wine; mingled (as is like) with other ingredients. And Montanus agrees with me in the end, *ad ſtuporem & mentis alienationem*; A faſhiō which Galatine obſerues

out of the Sanhedrim, to bee grounded vpon Prouerbs 31,6. *Giue ſtrong drinke to him that is readie to periſh.* I leaue it modeſtly in the midſt; let the learneder iudge. What-ſoeuer it were, hee would not die till he had complained of thirſt, and in his thirſt taſted it: Neither wold he haue thirſted for, or taſted any but this bitter draught; that the Scripture might bee fulfilled; *They gaue mee Vineger to drinke*: And loe, nowv, *Conſummatum eſt*; *All is finiſhed.*

If there be any Iew amongſt you, that like one of Iohns vnſeaſonable Diſciples, ſhal aske, *Art thou he, or ſhall we looke for*

ano-

another? hee hath his anſwere; Yee men of Iſraell, why ſtand you gazing and gaping for another Meſſias? In this alone, all the prophecies are finiſhed; & of him alone, all was prophecied that was finiſhed. Paul's old rule holds ſtill, *To the Jewes a ſtumbling blocke*; and that more anciẽt curſe of Dauid, *Let their table be made a ſnare*; And Steuens two brands ſticke ſtill in the fleſhe of theſe vvretched men: One in their neck; *ſtiffe-necked*: the other in their hart; *vncircumciſed*: the one, *Obſtinacie*; the other, *Vnbeliefe*: ſtiffe necks indeede, that vvill not ſtoop and relent with the yoke of ſixteen hundred yeers iudge-

σκληροτράχηλοι.

ἀπερίτμητοι.

ment

ment and ſeruilitie: vncircumciſed harts, the filme of whoſe vnbeliefe, would not be cut off with ſo infinite cõuictions. Oh mad & miſerable Nation! Let them ſhew vs one prophecie that is not fulfilled; let thẽ ſhew vs one other, in whom all the prophecies can be fulfilled, & we wil mix pitty with our hate: If they cannot, and yet reſiſt; their doome is paſt; *Thoſe mine enemies, that would not haue me to raigne ouer them, bring them hither, and ſlay them before mee.* So let thine enemies periſh, O Lord.

But what goo I ſo farre? euen amongſt vs (to our ſhame) this riotous age hath bred a mon-

ſtrous

strous generation; (I pray God I bee not now in some of your bosomes that heare mee this day) compounded, much like to the Turkish religion; of one part, Christian; another, Iew; a third, worldling; a fourth, Atheist: a Christian face, a Iewes hart, a worldlings life, & therefore *Atheous* in the whole; that acknowledge a God, & knowe him not; that professe a Christ, but doubt of him; yea, believe him not: The foole hath said in his hart there is no Christ. What shall I say of these men? they are worse then deuils: that yielding euill spirit, could say, *Iesus I know*; and these miscreants are stil in the old tune of that temp-

Aug. ad Hier Dū volunt & Iudæi esse & Christiani, nec Iudæi sunt, nec Christiani.

ting deuill; *Si tu es filius Dei, if thou be the Christ.* Oh God, that after ſo cleer a Goſpell, ſo many miraculous confirmations, ſo many thouſand martyrdõs, ſo many glorious victories of truth, ſo many open confeſſions of Angels, men, diuells, friends, enemies; ſuch conſpirations of heauen & earth, ſuch vniuerſall conteſtations of all ages and people; there ſhould be left any ſparke of this damnable infidelitie in the falſe harts of men! Behold then, yee deſpiſers, and wonder, and vaniſh away: whom haue all the Prophets fore-told? or vvhat haue the prophecies of ſo many hundreds, yea, thouſands of

yeeres

yeers fore-ſaid, that is not with this word finiſhed? Who could fore-tell theſe things, but the ſpirit of God? Who could accompliſh them, but the ſonne of God? *Hee ſpake by the mouth of his holy Prophets,* ſaith Zacharie: he hath ſpoken, & hee hath done; one true GOD in both. No other ſpirit could fore-ſay theſe things ſhould bee done; none other power could doe theſe things, thus fore-ſhewed: this word therfore, can fit none but the mouth of God our Sauiour, *It is finiſhed.* Wee knowe whom we haue belieued; *Thou art the Chriſt, the ſonne of the liuing GOD.* Let him that loues not the Lord Ieſus, be accurſed

to the death.

Thus the prophecies are finished: Of the legall Obseruations, with more breuity. *Christ is the end of the law*: What law? Ceremoniall; Morall. Of the morall; it was kept perfectly by himselfe, satisfied fully for vs: of the ceremoniall; it was referred to him, obserued of him, fulfilled in him, abolisht by him. There were nothing more easie then to shew you how all those Iewish ceremonies lookt at Christ: how Circumcision, Passouer, the Tabernacle, both outer and inner, the Temple, the Lauer, both the Altars, the Tables of Shew-breade, the candlesticks, the Vaile, the Ho-

ἱλαστήριον.
ἱλασμός.

ly of holies, the Arke, the Propitiatory, the pot of Manna, Aarons rodde, the high Prieſt, his order and line, his habites, his inaugurations, his waſhings, annointings, ſprinklings, offerings, the ſacrifices ἱλαστικα, εὐχαριστικα, and what euer Iewiſh rite; had their vertue from Chriſt, relation to him, and their end in him. This was then their laſt gaſpe; for, now ſtraight they died with Chriſt: now the vaile of the Temple rent: As Auſten well notes, out of Mathew's order; It tore then, when Chriſts laſt breath paſſed. That conceit of Theophylact is witty; that as the Iewes were wont to rend their garments whē they heard

Ex quo appareret, tunc ſciſſū eſſe cùm Chriſtus emiſit ſpiritum.

blaſphemy: ſo the Temple, not induring theſe execrable blaſphemies againſt the Sonne of God, tore his vaile in peeces. But that is not all: the vaile rent, is the obligation of the rituall lawe cancelled; the way into the heauenly Sanctuarie opened; the ſhadow giuing roome to the ſubſtance: in a word, it dooth that which Chriſt ſaith; *Conſummatũ eſt.* Euen now then the law of ceremonies died: It had a long and ſolemne buriall, as Auguſtine ſaith wel; perhaps figured in Moſes, who died not lingringly, but was thirty daies mourned for. What meanes the Church of Rome, to dig them vp, now rotten in their graues?

Ceremoniæ ſicut defunctã corpora neceſſariorũ officijs deducenda erant ad ſepulturã, non ſimulatè, ſed religioſè, nec deſerenda continuò. Auguſtin.

and

and that, not as if they had been buried, but ſowen, with a plentifull increaſe: yea, vvith the inuerted vſury of too many of you Cittizens; ten for one. It is a graue and deepe cenſure of that reſolute Hierome; *Ego è contrario loquar, &c. I ſay,* ſaith he, *and in ſpight of all the vvorld dare maintain, that now the Iewiſh ceremonies are pernicious, and deadly: & whoſoeuer ſhal obſerue them, whether he be Iew or Gentile,* in barathrũ diaboli deuolutum; *ſhall fry in hell for it.* Still Altars? ſtill Prieſts? ſacrifices ſtill? ſtill waſhings? ſtill vnctions? ſprinkling, ſhauing, purifying? ſtill all, and more then all? Let them heare but Augu-

Ego è cõtrario loquar, & reclamãte mũdo liberâ voce pronũciẽ, ceremonias Iudæorũ pernicioſas eſſe, et mortiferas, & quicunque eas obſeruauerit ſiue ex Iudæis, ſiue ex Gẽtibus, in barathrũ diaboli deuolutũ. Hier.

Quisquis nunc ea celebrare voluerit, tanquã sopitos cineres eruens, nõ erit pius &c.

stines censure; *Quisquis nunc, &c. Whosoeuer shall now vse thē, as it were raking them vp out of their dust; he shall not be pius deductor corporis, sed impius sepulturæ violator: an impious & sacrilegious wretch, that ransacks the quiet tombes of the dead.*

I say not that all ceremonies are dead; but the Law of ceremonies, and of Iewish. It is a sound distinction of them, that profound Peter Martyr hath in his Epistle, to that worthy Martyr, Father, Bishoppe, Hooper: Some are typicall, fore-signifying Christ to come: some, of order and decencie. Those are abrogated, not these. The Iewes had a fashion of prophecying

in the Churches; ſo the Chriſtians from them, as Ambroſe: the Iewes had an eminent pulpit of wood; ſo wee: they gaue names at their circumciſion; ſo we at Baptiſme: they ſung pſalmes melodiouſly in Churches; ſo do we: they paid & receiued tithes; ſo do we: they wrapt their dead in linnen, with odors; ſo wee: the Iewes had ſureties at their admiſsiō into the church; ſo we. Theſe inſtances might be infinite: the Spouſe of Chriſt cannot be without her laces, & chaines, and borders. Chriſt came not to diſſolue order. But thou Lorde, how long? how long ſhall thy poore Church find her ornamēts, her ſorowes?

and ſee the deare ſonnes of her wombe, bleeding about theſe apples of ſtriſe? let me ſo name them, not for their value (euen ſmal things, whē they are commaunded, looke for no ſmal reſpect) but for their euent: the enemy is at the gates of our Syracuſe; how long will we ſuffer our ſelues, taken vp with angles and circles in the duſt? Ye men, brethren, fathers, helpe; for Gods ſake put to your hands, to the quenching of this common flame: The one ſide by humilitie, and obedience; the other, by compaſſion; both by prayers and teares. Who am I, that I ſhould reuiue to you the ſweet ſpirit of that diuine Auguſtine?

who,

who, when hee heard & ſaw the bitter contentions betwixt two graue and famous Diuines, Ierome, and Ruffine; *Heu mihi*, ſaith he, *qui vos alicubi ſimul inuenire non poſſum! Alas, that I ſhall neuer find you two together! how I would fall at your feet, how I would imbrace them, and weepe vpon them, and beſeech you; either of you for other, and each for himſelf; both of you for the church of* GOD; *but eſpecially, for the weake, for whō Chriſt died: who, not without their own great danger, ſee you two fighting in this Theater of the world.* Yet let me doe, what he ſaid he would do; begge for peace, as for life: by your filiall pietie to the Church

of GOD, whoſe ruines follow vpon our diuiſions; by your loue of Gods truth; by the graces of that one bleſſed Spirit, whereby we are all informed & quickened; by the precious blood of that ſonne of G O D, which this day, and this howre, was ſhed for our redemption, be inclined to peace and loue: & tho our braines be different, yet let our harts be one. It was, as I heard, the dying ſpeech of our late reuerend, worthy, and gracious Dioceſan, *Modò me moriẽte viuat, ac floreat Eccleſia; Oh! yet if, when I am dead, the Church may liue and flouriſh.*

What a ſpirit was heere? what a ſpeech? how worthy neuer to

die?

die? how worthy of a ſoule ſo neere to his heauen? how worthy of ſo happy a ſucceſſion? Ye whom God hath made inheritors of this bleſſed care, which do no leſſe long for the proſperitie of Sion, liue you to effect, what he did but liue to wiſh; all peace with our ſelues, and war with none but Rome and Hell. And if there bee any weyward Separatiſt, whoſe ſoule profeſſeth to hate peace; I feare to tell him Paules meſſage, yet I muſt: Would to God thoſe were cut off that trouble you. How cut off? As good Theodoſius ſaid to Demophilus, a contentious Prelate; *Si tu pacem fugis, &c. if thou flie peace, I wil make thee flie*

Si tu pacē fugis, ego te ab Eccleſia fugere mando.

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the Church. Alas! they doe flie it: that which ſhould bee their punishment, they make their cõtentment: how are they worthy of pitty? As Optatus, of his Donatiſts, they are brethren, might be companions, and will not. Oh wilfull men! vvhither doe they run? from one Chriſt to another? Is Chriſt diuided? We haue him; thanks be to our good God: and wee heare him daily; and whither ſhall we goe from thee? thou haſt the words of eternall life.

Thus the Ceremonies are *finiſhed*: Now heare the end of his ſufferings, vvith like patience and deuotion. His death is heere included; it was ſo

neere,

neere, that hee ſpake of it as done; and when it was done, all was done. How eaſie is it to loſe our ſelues in this diſcourſe! how hard, not to be ouer-whelmed vvith matter of wonder; and to find either beginning, or end! His ſufferings found an end; our thoughts cannot. Lo; with this word, he is happilie waded out of thoſe deepes of ſorowes, wherof our conceits can find no bottome: yet let vs, with Peter, gird our coate, and caſt our ſelues a little into this ſea.

All his life was but a perpetuall Paſſion: In that he becam man, he ſuffered more then we can doe, either while wee are

men,

ἐταπείνωσε. ἐκένωσε.

men, or when wee ceaſe to be men: he humbled, yea, he emptied himſelfe. Wee, when wee ceaſe to be heere, are clothed vpon. 2. Cor. 5. Wee both win by our beeing, & gaine by our leſſe; hee loſt, by taking our more or leſſe to himſelfe, that is, manhood. For, tho euer as God, *I and my Father are one*; yet as man, *My Father is greater then I*. That man ſhould be turned into a beaſt, into a worme, into duſt, into nothing; is not ſo great a diſparagemẽt, as that GOD ſhould become man: and yet it is not finiſhed; it is but begun. But what man? If, as the abſolute Monarch of the world, he had commanded

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the vassalage of all Emperours and Princes, & had trod on nothing but Crownes and Scepters, and the necks of Kings, and bidden all the Potentates of the earth to attend his train; this had caried some port with it, sutable to the heroicall maiestie of Gods Sonne. No such matter: heere is neither forme nor beautie; vnlesse perhaps (μορφη δουλου) the forme of a seruaunt: you haue made mee to serue, with your sinnes. Behold: he is a man to God; a seruaunt to man; and, be it spoken with holy reuerence, a drudge to his seruants. He is despised and reiected of men; yea (as himself, of himselfe) a worme, and no

man, the shame of men, & contempt of the people. *Who is the King of glory? the Lord of hostes hee is the King of glory.* Set these two together; the King of glory; the shame of men: the more honour, the more abasement. Looke back to his cradle; there you find him reiected of the Bethlemites; borne & laid alas how homely, how vnworthily: sought for by Herod, exiled to Egypt, obscurely brought vp in the cottage of a poore fosterfather, transported & tempted by Satan, derided of his kinred, blasphemously traduced by the Iewes, pinched with hunger, restlesse, harbourlesse, sorrowfull, persecuted, by the Elders

Psal. 24, 10

and

and Phariſees, ſold by his owne ſeruant, apprehended, arraigned, ſcourged, condemned; & yet it is not finiſhed. Let vs, with that Diſciple, follow him a farre off; & paſſing ouer all his contemptuous vſage in the way, ſee him brought to his Croſſe. Still the further wee looke, the more wonder; euery thing ads to this ignominy of ſuffering, and triumph of ouercomming. Where was it? not in a corner, as Paule ſaith to Feſtus: but in Ieruſalem; the eye, the hart of the world. Obſcuritie abateth ſhame; publique notice heightens it: *Before all Iſraell, & before this ſun*, ſaith GOD to Dauid, when he would throughlie

ἐν γωνίᾳ. Acts.26.27.

ſhame him: In Ieruſalem, which hee had honoured with his preſence, taught with his preachings, aſtoniſht with his miracles, bewailed with his teares; *O Ieruſalem, Ieruſalem, how oft would I, and thou wouldeſt not! O yet if in this thy date!* Cruelty and vnkindneſſe, after good deſert, afflict ſo much more, as our merit hath beene greater. VVhere-abouts? vvithout the gates: in Caluary; among the ſtinking bones of execrable malefactors. Before, the glory of the place bred ſhame; novv, the vileneſs of it. When? but in the Paſſeouer; a time of greateſt frequence, and concourſe of all Iewes and proſelites: An

holy

holy time: whē they ſhould receiue the figure, they reiect the ſubſtance: when they ſhould kil & eate the ſacramental Lambe, in faith, in thankfulnes, they kill the Lambe of GOD, our true Paſſeouer, in crueltie and contempt. With whom? The qualitie of our company, either increaſes or leſſens ſhame. In the midſt of thieues (ſaith one) as the Prince of thieues. There vvas no guile in his mouth, much leſſe in his hands: Yet behold, he that thought it no robberie to bee equall with GOD, is made equall to robbers and murderers; yea, ſuperiour in euill. What ſuffered hee? As all liues are not alike pleaſant: ſo

& In medio latronū tanquā latronū immaniſſimus. Luther.

al deathes are not equally fearfull: there is not more differēce betwixt some life & death, then betwixt one death & another. See the Apostles gradation: *He was made obedient to the death, euē the death of the Crosse.* The Crosse, a lingering, tormenting, ignominious death. The Iewes had foure kindes of death for malefactors; the towell, the sword, fire, stones; each of these aboue other in extreamitie. Strangling with the towell, they accounted easiest: the sword worse then the towel: the fire worse then the sword: stoning worse then the fire: but this Romaine death was worst of all. *Cursed is euery one that*

hangeth

hangeth on tree. Yet (as Ierome well) he is not therefore accurſed, becauſe hee hangeth; but therfore he hangeth, becauſe he is accurſed. *He was made* (κατάρα) *a curſe for vs.* The curſe was more then the ſhame: yet the ſhame is vnſpeakeable; and yet not more then the paine. Yet all that die the ſame death, are not equally miſerable: the very Thieues fared better in their death, then he. I heare of no irriſion, no inſcription, no taunts, no inſultation on thé: they had nothing but paine to incounter; hee, paine and ſcorne. An ingenuous & noble nature, can worſe brooke this thé the other; any thing rather then diſdaine-

fulnesse, and derision: especially, from a base enemy. I remember, that learned Father begins Israels affliction, with Ismaels persecuting laughter. The Iews, the souldiours, yea, the very thieues flouted him, and triumpht ouer his miserie: his blood cannot satisfie thē, without his reproach. Which of his senses now was not a window to let in sorrow? His eyes saw the teares of his Mother and friends, the vnthankful demeanure of mankind, the cruell despight of his enemies: his eares heard the reuilings & blasphemies of the multitude: & (whether the place were noisome to his sent) his touch felt the nailes;

his

his taſte, the gall. Looke vp, O all yee beholders, looke vpon this precious body, & ſee what part ye can find free? That head which is adored, and trembled at by the Angelicall ſpirits, is all raked, & harrowed with thorns: that face, of whom is ſaid, *Thou art fairer then the children of men*, is all beſmeared with the filthy ſpettle of the Iewes, and furrowed with his teares: thoſe eyes, clearer then the ſun, are darkened with the ſhadow of death: thoſe eares, that hear the heauenly conſorts of Angels, now are filled with the curſed ſpeakings and ſcoffes of wretched men: thoſe lips that ſpake as neuer man ſpake, that com-

Caput angelicis ſpiritibus tremebũdũ ſpinis coronatur. &c. Bernard.

maund the ſpirits both of life & darkneſſe, are ſcornfully wet with vineger & gall: thoſe feet that trample on all the powers of hell (*his enemies are made his footſtoole*) are now nailed to the footſtoole of the Croſſe: thoſe hands that freely ſway the ſcepter of the Heauens, now carrie the reed of reproach, and are nailed to the tree of reproach: that whole body, which was cõceiued by the holy Ghoſt, was all ſcourged, wounded, mangled: This is the out-ſide of his ſufferings. Was his heart free? Oh no: the inner part, or ſoule of this pain, which was vnſeen, is as far beyond theſe outward and ſenſible, as the ſoule is be-

yond

yond the body; Gods wrath beyond the malice of mē: these were but loue-ticks to what his soule indured! *O all ye that passe by the way, behold and see, if there bee any sorrow like to my sorrow*: Alas! Lord, what can we see of thy sorrowes? we cannot conceiue so much as the hainousnesse and desert of one of those sinnes which thou bearest: wee can no more see thy paine, then wee could vnder-goe it, onely this wee see, that what the infinite sins of almost infinite men, committed against an infinite Maiestie, deserued in infinite continuance; all this thou in the short time of thy Passion hast sustained. We may behold and

see,

ſee; but all the glorious ſpirits in heauen cannot looke into the depth of this ſuffering. Do but looke yet a little into the paſſions of this his Paſſion: for, by the manner of his ſufferings, we ſhall beſt ſee what hee ſuffered. Wiſe and reſolute men, do not complaine of a little: holy Martyrs haue bin racked, & would not be looſed; what ſhall we ſay if the Author of their ſtrength, God and man, bewray paſſions? what wold haue ouerwhelmed men, wold not haue made him ſhrinke; and what made him complaine, could neuer haue been ſuſtained by men. What ſhal we then think, if he were affrighted with terrors, perplex-

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ed with ſorrowes, and diſtracted with both theſe? And lo, he was all theſe: for, firſt, heere was an amazed feare; for millions of men to deſpaire, was not ſo much as for him to feare: and yet it was no ſlight feare; hee began (ἐκθαμβεῖσθαι) to be aſtoniſhed with terrour? *Which in the daies of his fleſh, offered vp prayers, & ſupplications, with ſtrong cries and teares, to him that was able to helpe him; and was heard in that hee feared.* Neuer man was ſo afraid of the torments of hell, as Chriſt (ſtanding in our roome) of his Fathers vvrath. Feare is ſtill ſutable to apprehenſion: Neuer man could ſo perfectlie apprehende this

cauſe

cauſe of feare. He felt the chaſtiſements of our peace: yea, the curſe of our ſinnes; & therfore might well ſay with Dauid; *I ſuffer thy terrors with a troubled mind*: yea, with Iob, *The arrowes of God are in me; & the terrors of God fight againſt mee.* With feare; there was a deiecting ſorow (ἀδημονία), My ſoule is περίλυπος. on all ſides heauy to the death. His ſtrong cries, his many tears, are witneſſes of this Paſſion. He had formerly ſhed teares of pitie, and teares of loue; but now of anguiſh: he had before ſent forth cries of mercie; neuer of complaint till now. When the ſonne of God weeps and cries, what ſhall we ſay or thinke? yet

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further, betwixt both these and his loue, what a conflict vvas there? It is not amisse distinguished, that hee was alwaies in agonie; but now in ἀγωνια, in a struggling passion of mixed griefe. Behold: this field was not without sweat and blood; yea, a sweat of blood? O what man or Angell, can conceiue the taking of that heart, that without all outward violence, meerely, out of the extreamity of his owne Passion, bled (thorough the flesh and skinne) not som faint deaw, but solid drops of blood? No thornes, no nailes fetcht blood from him, with so much pain as his own thoughts. Hee saw the fierce wrath of his

Father, and therfore feared: he ſawe the heauie burden of our ſinnes to bee vndertaken; and therevpon, beſides feare, iuſtlie grieued: he ſaw the neceſſity of our eternall damnation, if hee ſuffered not; if he did ſuffer, of our redemption: and therfore his loue incountred both griefe and feare. In it ſelfe, he would not drinke of that cuppe: in reſpect of our good, and his decree, hee would and did; and while he thus ſtriueth, he ſweats and bleedes. There was neuer ſuch a combatte, neuer ſuch a bloodſhed; and yet it is not finiſhed. I dare not ſay with ſome Schoolemen, that the ſorrow of his Paſſion, was not ſo great

as the ſorow of his compaſſion: yet that vvas ſurely exceeding great. To ſee the vngracious careleſneſſe of mankind, the ſlender fruite of his ſufferings, the ſorrowes of his mother, diſciples, friends; to fore-ſee frō this watch-towre of his Croſſe, the future temptations of his children, deſolations of his Church; all theſe muſt needs ſtrike deepe into a tender hart. Theſe he ſtill ſees & pitties, but without paſsion; then, he ſuffered, in ſeeing them.

Can wee yet ſay any more? Lo, all theſe ſufferings are aggrauated by his fulnes of knowledge, & want of comfort: for, he did not ſhut his eyes, as one

ſaith, when hee drunk this cup he ſaw how dreggiſh, and knew how bitter it was. So daine euils afflict, if not leſſe, ſhorter. He fore-ſaw and fore-ſaid euerie particular he ſhould ſuffer, ſo long as he fore-ſaw he ſuffered: the expectation of euill, is not leſſe then the ſenſe: to looke long for good, is a puniſhment; but for euill, is a torment. No paſſion works vpō an vnknown obiect: as no loue, ſo no fear is of what we know not. Hence men fear not hell, becauſe they fore-ſee it not: if we could ſee that pit open before wee come at it, it would make vs tremble at our ſinnes, and our knees to knock together, as Baltaſars; &

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perhaps, without faith, to run mad at the horror of iudgemẽt. He saw the burdẽ of all particular sins to be laid vpon him: euery dram of his fathers wrath, was measured out to him, ere he toucht this potion: this cup was full; & he knew that it must be wringd, not a drop left: it must be finished. O yet, if as he fore-saw all his sorrowes, so he could haue seene some mixture of refreshing! *But I found none to comfort me; no, none to pitie me.* And yet, it is a poore cõfort that arises from pittie. Euen so, O Lord, thou treadest this wine-presse alone; none to accompany, none to assist thee. I remember, Ruffinus in his Ec-

cleſiaſticall ſtorie reports, that one Theodorus, a Martyr, told him, that when he was hanging ten houres vpõ the rack, for religion, vnder Iulians perſecution, his ioynts diſtended and diſtorted, his body exquiſitelie tortured vvith change of executioners; ſo as neuer agè, ſaith he, could remember the like: he felt no paine at all, but continued indeed all the while in the ſight of all men, ſinging & ſmiling. For, there ſtood a comlie young man by him on his libbet (an Angell rather, in forme of a man) which with a cleane towel, ſtill wip't off his ſweat, & poured coole vvater vpon his racked limbs: wherwith he was

Vt nulla vnquam ætas ſimilem memi-nerit.

ſo refreſhed, that it grieued him to be let downe. Euen the greateſt torments are eaſie, whē they haue aunſwerable cōforts: but a wounded & comfortleſſe ſpirit, who can beare? If yet but the ſame meſſenger of God, might haue attended his Croſs, that appeared in his agonie, & might haue giuen eaſe to their Lord, as he did to his ſeruant! And yet, what can the Angels help, where God will ſmite? Againſt the violence of men, againſt the furie of Satan, they haue preuailed in the Cauſe of God, for men: they dare not, they cannot cōfort where God will afflict. When our Sauiour had been wreſtling with Satan,

in the end of his Lent, then they appeared to him, and serued: but now, while about the same time, hee is wrestling with the wrath of his Father for vs, not an Angell dare bee seene, to looke out of the windowes of heauē to relieue him: for men; much lesse could they if they would; but what did they? Miserable comforters are yee all; the souldiours; they stript him, scorned him with his purple, crown, reed; spat on him, smote him: the passengers; they reuiled him; and insulting, wagg'd their heads and hands at him; *Hey, thou that destroiest the temple, come downe, &c.* The Elders and Scribes; alas! they haue

bought

bought his blood, suborned witnesses, incensed Pilate, preferred Barabbas, vndertook the guilt of his death, cri'd out, *Crucifie, crucifie; Ho! thou that savedst others.* His disciples: alas! they forsooke him: one of them forsweares him; another runs away naked, rather then he will stay and confesse him. His mother, and other friends: they looke on indeede, and sorrovv with him; but, to his discomfort. Where the griefe is extreame, and respects neere, partnership doth but increase sorrovv. Paul chides this loue: *What doe you weeping, and breaking my heart?* The teares of those we loue, do either slacken our hearts, or

wound them. Who then shall comfort him? Himselfe? Sometimes our own thoughts find a way to succour vs, vnknown to others: no, not himself. Doubtlesse (as Aquinas) the influence of the higher part of the soule, was restrained from the aide of the inferiour; *My soule is filled with euills.* Psalm. 87, 4. V. Who then? his Father? Heere, heere was his hope: *If the Lord had not holpen me, my soule had almost dwelt in silence. I and my Father are one.* But now (alas!) he, euen he, deliuers him into the hands of his enemies; when hee hath done, turnes his back vpon him as a stranger; yea, he woundeth him as an enemy. *The Lord wold*

Psalm 94. 17.

breake

breake him. Esay, 53, 10. Yet any thing is light to the soule, whiles the comforts of God sustaine it: who can dismay, where God will relieue? But here, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee?* What a word was heere, to come from the mouth of the Sonne of GOD? My disciples are men, weak & fearefull; no maruell if they forsake me. The Iewes are themselues, cruell and obstinate. Men are men; graceless, and vnthankfull. Diuels are, according to their nature, spightful and malicious. All these doe but their kind; and let them doe it: but thou, O Father, thou that hast said; *This is my well-beloued son,*

in whom I am well pleased: thou of whō I haue ſaid, *It is my Father that glorifies me*: what? *forſaken mee?* Not onely brought me to this ſhame, ſmitten mee, vnregarded me; but, as it were, forgotten, yea, forſaken mee? What, euen mee, my Father? How many of thy conſtant ſeruaunts haue ſuffered heauie things! yet in the multitudes of the ſorrowes of their harts, thy preſence and comforts haue refreſhed their ſoule. Haſt thou relieued them, and dooſt thou forſake mee! mee, thine onelie, deere, naturall, eternall ſonne! O yee heauens & earth, how could you ſtand, whiles the Maker of you thus cōplained!

Yee ſtood; but, partaking after a ſort of his Paſſion: the earth trembled & ſhooke, her rocks tore, her graues opened, the heauens withdrew their light; as not daring to behold this ſad and fearefull ſpectacle.

Oh deere Chriſtians! how ſhould theſe earthen and rocky harts of ours ſhake, and rend in peeces at this meditation? how ſhould our faces bee couered with darkneſſe, and our ioy be turned into heauineſs? Al theſe voices, and teares, and ſweats, and pangs, are for vs; yea, frō vs. Shall the Sonne of God thus ſmart for our ſinnes, yea, with our ſinnes; and ſhall not wee grieue for our owne? ſhall hee

weepe

weepe to vs in this Market-place, and ſhal not we mourne? Nay, ſhall hee ſweat and bleed for vs, and ſhall not wee weepe for our ſelues? Shall he thus lamentably ſhrieke-out, vnder his Fathers wrath, and ſhall not we tremble? Shall the heauens and earth ſuffer with him, & we ſuffer nothing? I call you not to a weake & idle pitty of our glorious Sauior: to what purpoſe? His iniury, was our glory. No, no; *Ye daughters of Ieruſalem, weepe not for mee: but weepe for your ſelues*: For our ſinnes, that haue done this; not for his ſorrow that ſuffered it: not for his pangs, that were; but for our owne that ſhould haue been, &

(if

(if we repent not) ſhall be. Oh how grieuous, how deadly are our ſinnes, that coſt the ſonne of God (beſides blood) ſo much torment? How far are our ſoules gone, that could not be ranſomed with any eaſier price? That that tooke ſo much of this infinite Redeemer of men, God & man, how can it chuſe but ſwallow vp & confound thy ſoule, which is but finite and ſinfull? If thy ſoule had been in his ſoules ſtead, what had become of it: it ſhal be, if his were not in ſtead of thine. This weight, that lies thus heauy on the Son of God, & wrung from him theſe teares, ſweat, blood, and theſe vnconceiueable grones of his afflic-

ted ſpirit, how ſhall it chuſe but preſſe downe thy ſoule to the bottom of hell? & ſo it will do: if hee haue not ſuffered it for thee, thou muſt and ſhalt ſuffer it for thy ſelfe. Goe now thou leud man, and make thy ſelfe merry with thy ſinnes; laugh at the vncleaneneſſes, or bloodineſſe of thy youth: thou little knoweſt the price of a ſin: thy ſoule ſhall do; thy Sauiour did, whē he cried out, to the amazement of Angels, and horror of men; *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken mee*. But now no more of this; *It is finiſhed*: the greater conflict, the more happy victory. Well doth hee find and feele of his Father, what his

type ſaid before, *Hee will not chide alwaies, nor keepe his anger for euer.* It is feareſull; but in him, ſhort: eternall to ſinners; ſhort to his Sonne, in whom the God-head dwelt bodily. Behold: this ſtorme, where-with al the powers of the world were ſhaken, is now ouer. The Elders, Phariſees, Iudas, the ſouldiers, prieſts, witneſſes, Iudges, thieues, executioners, diuells, haue al tired thēſelues in vaine, with their owne malice; and he triumphs ouer them all, vpon this throne of his Croſſe: His enemies are vanquiſht, his Father ſatisfied, his ſoule with this word, at reſt and glory; *It is finiſhed.* Now there is no more

betraying, agonies, arraignmẽts, ſcourgings, ſcoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all is finiſhed. Alas beloued, and will we not yet let the Son of God be at reſt? doe wee now againe goe about to fetch him out of his glorie, to ſcorne and crucifie him? I feare to ſay it: Gods ſpirit dare, and doth; *They crucifie againe to themſelues the Son of God, and make a mock of him.* To themſelues; not in himſelf: that they cannot, it is no thanke to them; they would doe it. See and conſider: the notoriouſly-ſinfull conuerſations of thoſe that ſhould be Chriſtians, offer violence vnto our glorified Sauiour: they ſtretch their hands

to heauen, and pull him downe from his Throne, to his Croſſe: they teare him vvith thornes, pearce him with nailes, loade him with reproaches. Thou hateſt the Iewes, ſpetteſt at the name of Iudas, raileſt on Pilate, condemneſt the cruel butchers of Chriſt: yet, thou canſt blaſpheme, & ſweare him quite ouer; curſe, ſwagger, lie, oppreſſe, boile with luſt, ſcoffe, riot, and liueſt like a debauched man; yea, like an humane beaſt; yea, like an vncleane diuel. Cry *Hoſanna* as long as thou vvilt; thou art a Pilate, a Iew, a Iudas, an executioner of the Lord of life: and ſo much greater ſhall thy iudgemẽt be, by how much

thy light, & his glory, is more. Oh, beloued, is it not enough that he died once for vs? Were those paines so light, that vve should euery day redouble thē? Is this the entertainement, that so gracious a Sauiour hath deserued of vs by dying? Is this the recompence of that infinite loue of his, that thou shouldest thus cruelly vexe and vvound him with thy sinnes? Euerie of our sins is a thorne, and naile, and speare to him. While thou poures down thy drunken carowses, thou giuest thy Sauiour a potion of gall: while thou despisest his poore seruants, thou spett'st in his face: while thou putteſt on thy proud dresses, &

liſteſt vp thy vaine heart vvith high conceits, thou ſetteſt a Crowne of thornes on his head: while thou wringeſt and oppreſſeſt his poore children, thou whippeſt him, & draweſt blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how dareſt thou offer to receiue the Sacrament of God, with that hand, which is thus imbrued with the bloud of him whō thou receiueſt? In euery Ordinary, thy profane tong walkes, in the diſgrace of the religious & cōſcionable. Thou makeſt no ſcruple of thine own ſinnes, and ſcorneſt thoſe that doe: Not to be wicked, is crime enough. Heare him that ſaith, *Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou*

mee? Saul ſtrikes, at Damaſcus: Chriſt ſuffers in heauen. Thou ſtrikeſt: Chriſt Ieſus ſmarteth, & will reuenge. These are the (ὑστερήματα) afrerings of Chriſts ſufferings: in himſelfe it is *finiſhed*; in his members it is not, till the world be *finiſhed*. We muſt toile, and grone, and bleed; that wee may raigne: if he had not done ſo, *It had not been finiſhed*. This is our warfare: this is the region of our ſorrow and death. Now are we ſet vpō the ſandy pauement of our Theater, and are matched with all ſorts of euills; euill men, euill ſpirits, euill accidēts; & (which are worſt) our owne euill hearts: tentations, croſſes, perſecutions, ſickneſ-

ſes,

ſes, wants, infamies, death; all theſe muſt, in our courſes, be incoũtred by the law of our profeſſion. What ſhould we do but ſtriue and ſuffer, as our Generall hath done, that wee may raigne as he doth, and once triumph in our *Conſummatũ eſt*? God & his Angels ſit vpon the ſcaffolds of Heauen, & behold vs: our Crowne is ready; our day of deliuerance ſhall come; yea, our redemption is neere: vvhen all teares ſhall bee wip't from our eyes; & wee that haue ſowen in teares, ſhall reape in ioy. In the meane time, let vs poſſeſſe our ſoules, not in patience onely, but in comfort: let vs adore and magnifie our Sa-

uiour in his ſufferings, and imitate him in our owne: our ſorrowes ſhall haue an end; our ioyes ſhall not: our paines ſhall ſoone be finiſhed; our glory ſhall be finiſhed, but neuer ended.

Thus his ſufferings are finiſhed; now together with them, *Mans ſaluation.* Who knowes not, that man had made himſelf a deepe debter, a bankrupt, an out-law to GOD? Our ſins are our debts; and by ſins, death. Now, in this word and act, our ſinnes are diſcharged, death indured, and therefore wee cleared. The debt is paid, the ſcore is croſſed, the Creditor ſatisfied, the Debters acquitted; and, ſince there was no other quar-

rell,

rell, ſaued. We are all ſick, and that mortally: Sin is the diſeaſe of the ſoule. *Quot vitia, tot febres*, ſaith Chryſoſtome; ſo many ſinnes, ſo many Feauers, & thoſe peſtilent. What wonder is it that we haue ſo much plague, while we haue ſo much ſin? Our Sauiour is the Phyſician; *The whole neede not the Phyſician, but the ſicke.* Wherein? *He healeth all our infirmities*: hee healeth thé after a miraculous maner; not by giuing vs receits, but by taking our receits for vs. A wonderfull Phyſician; a wonderful courſe of cure. One while he would cure vs by abſtinence; our ſuperfluity, by his forty daies emptineſſe: accor-

ding to that old rule; Hunger cures the diſeaſes of Gluttony. Another while, by exerciſe: *He went vp and downe from Citty to Cittie; and in the day was preaching in the Temple; in the night, praying in the Mount.* Then, by diet; *Take, eate, this is my body*: and, *Let this cup paſſe.* After that yet, by ſweat: ſuch a ſweat as neuer was; a bloudy one: yet more by inciſion; they pearced his hands, feet, ſide: and yet againe by potion; a bitter potion, of vineger and gall. And laſtly, which is both the ſtrangeſt and ſtrongeſt receit of all, by dying; *Which died for vs; that whether we wake or ſleep, we ſhould liue together with him.* We

1. *Theſ.* 5. 10.

need

need no more, wee can goe no further; there can bee no more phyſick of this kind: there are cordialls after theſe, of his Reſurrection and Aſcenſion; no more penall receits. By this bloud wee haue Redemption, Epheſ. 1, 7. Iuſtification, Rom. 3, 24. Reconciliation, Coloſ. 1, 20. Sanctification, 1. Pet. 1, 2. Entrance into glory, Hebr. 10, 19. Is it not now finiſhed? Wo were vs, if he had left but one mite of ſatisfaction vpon our ſcore, to bee diſcharged by our ſoules: and wo bee to them that derogate from Chriſt, that they may charge themſelues; that botch vp theſe alſufficiently meritorious ſufferings of Chriſt, as im-

per-

perfect, with the ſuperfluities of fleſh and bloud. *Maledictus homo, qui ſpem ponit in homine.* We may not with patiẽce ſee Chriſt wrongd by his falſe friends: As that heroicall Luther ſaid in the like: *Curſed bee the ſilence that heer forbeareth to be free & ſhort.* Heere be two iniuries intolerable; both giue Chriſt the lye vpon his Croſſe: *It is finiſhed.* No; ſomewhat remaines: the fault is diſcharged, not the puniſhment. Of puniſhments, the eternall is quit, not the temporall. *It is finiſhed by Chriſt*: No, there wants yet much; the ſatisfactions of Saints applied by his Vicar: adde mens ſufferings to Chriſts, thé the treaſure is ful;

Maledictũ ſilentium, quod hîc conniuet.

till

till then *it is not finiſhed.*

Two qualities ſtriue for the firſt place in theſe two opinions; Impietie, and Abſurditie: I know not whether to prefer. For Impietie; heere is GOD taxed of *iniuſtice*, *vnmercifulneſſe*, *inſufficiencie*, *falshood*. Of *iniuſtice*; that he forgiues a ſin, and yet puniſhes for that which he hath forgiuen: *vnmercifulneſſe*; that he forgiues not while hee forgiues, but doth it by halues: *inſufficiencie*; that his raunſome muſt be ſupplied by men: *falshood*; in that hee ſaith, *It is finiſhed*, when it is not. For Abſurdity; how groſſe & monſtrous are theſe Poſitions? that at once the ſame ſin ſhould bee

remit-

remitted & retained; that there ſhould be a puniſhment, where there is no fault; that vvhat could ſtrike off our eternall puniſhment, did not wipe off the temporall; that hee which paid our pounds, ſticks at our farthings; that GOD will retaine what man may diſcharge; that it is, and is not finiſhed.

If there bee anie opinions whoſe mention confutes them, theſe are they. None can bee more vaine; none had more neede of ſolidities: for, this proppe beares-vp alone, the vveight of all thoſe millions of Indulgences which Rome creates and ſells to the vvorld. That Strumpet would well-

neere goe naked, if this vvere not. Theſe ſpirituall treaſures, fetch in the temporall: vvhich yet our reuerend and learned Fulke, iuſtlie calls a moſt blaſphemous and beggerly principle: it brings in vvhole Cheſts, yea Mines of Golde (like the Popes Indies); and hath not ſo much as a ragge of proofe to couer it; whether of Antiquitie, of Reaſon, of Scripture. Not of Antiquitie; for, theſe Iubilie Proclamations beganne but about three hundred yeers agoe. Not of Reaſon: hovv ſhould one meere man pay for another, diſpéſe with another, to another, by another? Not of Scripture: which hath flatly ſaid;

The bloud of Jeſus Chriſt, his ſon, purgeth vs from all ſin: and yet I remember, that acute *Sadeel* hath taught mee, that this practice is according to Scripture: What Scripture? *He caſt the money-changers out of the Temple, and ſaid; Ye haue made my houſe a denne of thieues.* Which alſo Ioachim, their propheticall Abbot, well applies to this purpoſe. Some modeſt Doctors of Louan, wold faine haue minced this Antichriſtian blaſphemie: who began to teach, that the paſſions of the Saints are not ſo by Indulgences applied, that they become true ſatisfactions; but that they onely ſerue to moue God, by the ſight of

Negotiatores terræ ſunt ipſi Sacerdotes, qui vendunt orationes & miſſas pro denarijs: facientes domũ orationis, apothecam negotiationis. In Reuel. l. 10. p. 5.

them

them, to apply vnto vs Chriſts ſatisfaction. But theſe mealmouthed Diuines, were ſoone charmed; foure ſeuerall Popes (as their Cardinall confeſſeth) fell vpon the neck of them, and their opinion; Leo the tenth, Pius the fift, Gregory the thirteenth, and Clemens the ſixt: & with their furious Bulles, bellow out threats againſt them, and toſſe them in the ayre for hereticks; and teach them, vpon paine of a curſe, to ſpeake home with Bellarmine; *Paſſionibus ſanctorum expiari delicta*: and ſtraight, *Applicari nobis ſanctorum paſſiones ad redimendas pœnas, quas pro peccatis Deo debemus*: that by the ſufferings

Bellar. l. 1. de Indulgent.

of

of Saints, our sinnes are expiate; and that, by them applied, wee are redeemed from those punishments which we yet owe to GOD. Blasphemy, vvorthie the tearing of garments: how is it finished by Christ, if men must supply? Oh blessed Sauiour! was euery droppe of thy bloud enough to redeeme a world, and doe we yet need the help of men? How art thou a perfect Sauiour, if our brethren also must bee our redeemers? Oh ye blessed Saints, how wold you abhorre this sacrilegious glory! and with those holie Apostles, yea, that glorious Angell, say; *Vide ne feceris*; and with those wise Virgins; *Least*

there

there will not be enough for vs & you, goe to them that sell, and buy for your selues. For vs, we enuie not their multitude; Let them haue as many Sauiors as Saints, and as many Saints as men: we knowe with Ambrose; *Christi passio adiutore non eguit; Christs passion needs no helper*: & therefore, with that worthy Martyr, dare say; *None but Christ; none but Christ.* Let our soules die, if hee cannot saue them; let them not fear their death or torment, if he haue finished. Heare this, thou languishing and afflicted soule: There is not one of thy sinnes, but it is paid for; not one of thy debts in the scroll of God, but it is crossed; not one

farthing of all thine infinite ransome is vnpaid? Alas! thy sinnes (thou sai'st) are euer before thee, and Gods indignation goes still ouer thee; & thou goest mourning all the day long; and with that patterne of distresse, criest out in the bitternesse of thy soule, *I haue sinned, what shall I doe to thee, O thou preseruer of men?* What should'st thou doe? Turne, and belieue. Now thou art stung in thy conscience with this fierie serpent, looke vp with the eyes of faith to this brazen serpent, Christ Iesus, & be healed. Behold, his head is hubly bowed downe in a gracious respect to thee; his armes are stretched out louing-

ly to imbrace thee, yea, his precious side is opē to receiue thee, and his tongue interprets all these to thee for thine endlesse cōfort; *It is finished.* There is no more accusation, iudgement, death, hell for thee: all these are no more to thee, then if they were not. *Who shall condemne? it is Christ which is dead.* I knowe, how ready euery man is, to reach foorth his hand to this dole of grace, and how angry to be beaten frō this doore of mercy. We are all easily perswaded to hope well, because we loue our selues well. Which of all vs, in this great congregation, takes exception to himselfe, and thinks, I knowe there

no want in my Sauiour; there is want in me; He hath finished; but I beleiue not, I repent not. Euery presumptuous and hard hart, so catches at Christ, as if he had finisht for all, as if he had broken downe the gates of hel, and loosed the bands of death, and had made forgiuenesse as common as life; *Prosperitas stultorum perdet eos*, saith wise Salomon; *Ease slaieth the foolish, and the prosperitie of fooles destroieth them*; yea, the confidence of prosperitie. Thou saist, God is mercifull, my Sauiour bounteous, his Passion absolute? All these, yet thou maist be condemned. Mercifull, not vniuersall; bounteous, not lauish; absolute

ly sufficient for all, not effectuall to all. What soeuer God is, what art thou? Heere is the doubt. Thou saist well; *Christ is the good Shepheard*; Who reineth *He giues his life*, but for whom? *for his sheepe*. What is this to thee? while thou art secure, profane, impenitent, thou art a wolfe, not a goat. *My sheepe heare my voice*; What is his voice but his precepts? where is thine obedience to his commandements? If thou wilt not heare his Law, neuer harken to his Gospell: there is no more mercy for thee, than if there were no Sauiour. *He hath finished*, for those in whom hee hath begun. If thou haue no beginnings of grace as yet, hope

not for euer finiſhing of ſaluation; *Come to me, all yee that are heauie laden*, ſaith Chriſt: thou ſhalt get nothing, if thou come when he calls thee not. Thou art not called, and canſt not bee refreſhed, vnleſſe thou bee laden: not with ſinne (this alone keepes thee away from God) but with conſcience of ſinne: *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe.* Is thy heart wounded with thy ſinne? doth griefe and hatred ſtriue within thee, whether ſhall bee more? are the deſires of thy ſoule with God? doſt thou long for holineſſe, complaine of thy imperfections, ſtruggle againſt thy corruptions? Thou art the

man,

man, feare not, *It is finished.* That law which thou wouldest haue kept, & couldest not; thy Sauiour could, and did keepe for thee: that saluation vvhich thou couldest neuer work-out alone (alas, poore impotent creatures! what can we doe towards heauen vvithout him, which cannot mooue on earth but in him?) hee alone for thee hath finished. Looke vp therefore boldly to the throne of GOD; and, vpon the truth of thy repentance & faith, knowe, that there is no quarrel against thee in heauen; nothing but peace and ioy; All is finished. He would be spetted on, that he might wash thee; hee would be

couered with scornfull robes, that thy sinnes might be couered; he would be whipped, that thy soule might not bee scourged eternally; he would thirst, that thy soule might be satisfied; hee would beare all his Fathers wrath, that thou might'st beare none; he would yield to death, that thou might'st neuer taste of it; he would be in sense for a time as forsaken of his Father, that thou might'st bee receiued for euer.

Now bid thy soule returne to her rest; and inioyne it Dauids taske; *Praise the Lord, O my soule*; and, *What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefites? I will take the Cup of sal-*

uation,

uation, and call vpon the name of the Lord. And, as rauiſhe from thy ſelfe with the ſweet apprehenſion of this mercy, cal al the other creatures to the fellowſhip of this ioy, with that diuine Eſay; *Reioyce, O yee heauens, for the Lord hath done it; ſhout yee lower parts of the earth, burſt forth into praiſes yee mountaines, for, the Lord hath redeemed Iacob, and will be glorified in Iſrael.* And, euen now beginne that heauenly ſong, which ſhall neuer end, with thoſe glorified Saints; *Praiſe, and honour, and glory, and power, bee to him that ſitteth vpon the throne, & to the Lambe for euermore.* Reuel. 5.

Thus, our ſpeech of Chriſts

laſt

last words, is finished. His last act accõpanied his words; our speech must follow it: let it not want your deuout and carefull attention; *Hee bowed, and gaue vp the Ghost.*

The Crosse was a slowe death, and had more paine thẽ speed; whence, a second violẽce must dispatch the crucified; their bones must be brokẽ, that their hearts might break. Our Sauiour staies not Deaths leisure, but willingly and couragiouslie meets him in the way: and like a Champion that scornes to be ouercome, yea, knowes he cannot be, yieldeth in the midst of his strength, that hee might by dying vãquish death. *He bowed,*

and

and gaue vp. Not bowing, because hee had giuen vp, but because he would. *He cried with a loud voice*, saith Matthew. Nature was strong, he might haue liued; but he *gaue vp the Ghost*, and would die, to shew himselfe Lord of Life and Death. Oh wondrous example! hee that gaue life to his enemies, gaue vp his owne: he giues them to liue, that persecute and hate him; and himselfe will die the whiles, for those that hate him. *He bowed, & gaue vp*: not they. They might crowne his head; they could not bow it: they might vex his spirit; not take it away: they could not doe that without leaue; this they could

not

not doe, because they had no leaue. He alone would bow his head, and giue vp his Ghost; *I haue power to lay downe my life*: Man gaue him not his life, man could not bereaue it: *No man takes it frō me*. Alas who could? The High-priests forces, when they came against him armed; he said but *I am hee*; *they fled & fell backward*. How easie a breath dispersed his enemies! whom he might as easily haue bidden the earth, yea, hell to swallow, or fire from heauen to deuoure. Who cōmanded the diuels, & they obei'd; could not haue bin attached my men. He must giue not onely leaue, but power to apprehend himselfe;

else they had not stu'd to take him. Hee is laid hold of; Peter fights: *Put vp*, saith Christ, *I thinke thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and he will giue me more than 12 legions of Angels?* What an Army were heer? more the three-score & twelue thousand Angels; and euery Angel able to subdue a world of men. Hee could, but would not bee rescued; hee is ledde by his owne power, not by his enemies: and stands now before Pilate, like the scorne of men, crowned, robbed, scourged, with an *Ecce Homo*: *Yet thou couldest haue no power against me, vnlesse it were giuen thee from aboue.*

Behold; he himselfe must giue Pilate power against himselfe; else hee could not be condemned. Hee will be condemned, lifted vp, nailed: yet no death without himselfe. *Hee shall giue his soule an offering for sinne.* Esay. 53, 10. No action, that sauours of constraint, can be meritorious: hee would deserue, therefore he would suffer and die. *He bowed his head, and gaue vp the Ghost.* O gracious and bountifull Sauiour! hee might haue kept his soule within his teeth, in spight of all the world; the weakenes of God, is stronger then men: and if he had but spoken the word, the heauens and earth should haue vanisht

Quod emittitur voluntarium est: quod amittitur necessarium. Ambro.

away

away before him; but, he would not. Behold; when he saw, that impotent man could not take away his soule, he gaue it vp, & would die, that wee might liue. See heere a Sauiour, that can contemne his owne life for ours; and cares not to bee dissolued in himself, that we might be vnited to his Father. *Skinne for skinne*, saith the diuell, *& all that he hath, a man will giue for his life.* Lo, heere, to proue Satan a lyer, skin, and life and all, hath Christ Iesus giuen for vs. We are besotted with the earth, & make base shifts to liue; one with a maimed bodie, another with a perfum'd soule, a third with a rotten name: and how

many had rather neglect their soule then their life, and wil rather renounce and curse God, then die? It is a shame to tell; many of vs Christians dote vpon life, and tremble at death; and shew our selues fooles in our excesse of loue, cowards in our feare. Peter denies Christ thrice, & forsweares him; Marcellinus twice casts graines of incense into the Idols fire; Ecebolius turnes thrice; Spira reuolts, and despaires; Oh let me liue, saith the fearefull soule! Whither dost thou reserue thy selfe thou weake and timorous creature? or what wold'st thou doe with thy selfe? Thou hast not thus learned Christ: he dies

voluntarilie for thee, thou wilt not bee forced to die for him: hee gaue vp the Ghost for thee; thou wilt not let others take it from thee for him: thou wilt not let him take it for himselfe.

When I looke back to the first Christians, and compare their zealous cõtempt of death, with our backwardnes; I am at once amazed & ashamed: I see there euen women (the feebler sex) running with their little ones in their armes, for the preferment of martyrdome; and ambitiouslie striuing for the next blowe. I see holy & tender virgins, chusing rather a sore and shamefull death, then honourable espousalls. I hear the blessed

Quod ſi venire noluerint, ego vim faciam vt deuorer.

Martyrs, intreating their Tyrants and tormentors for the honour of dying: Ignatius, amongſt the reſt, fearing leaſt the beaſts wil not deuoure him, and vowing the firſt violence to them, that he might be diſpatched. And, what leſſe courage was there, in our memorable & glorious fore-fathers of the laſt, of this age? and doe vvee, their cold and feeble ofspring, looke pale at the face of a faire and naturall death; abhor the violent, tho for Chriſt? Alas! how haue we gathered ruſt with our long peace? Our vnwillingneſſe, is from inconſideration, from diſtruſt. Looke but vp to Chriſt Ieſus vpon his

Crosse, and see him bowing his head, and breathing out his soule; and these feares shall vanish. He died,& wouldest thou liue? He gaue vp the ghost,and wouldest thou keep it? Whom vvouldest thou follow, if not thy Redeemer? If thou die not, if not vvillingly, thou goest contrarie to him, and shalt neuer meet him. Tho thou shouldest euery day die a death for him, thou couldest neuer requite his one death: and doost thou sticke at one? Euery word hath his force, both to him and thee. He died, which is Lord of Life,and cōmaunder of Death; thou art but a tenant of life, a subiect of death. And yet it

Si per singulos dies pro eo moreremur qui nos dilexit, non sic debitum exolueremus. Chrysost.

was not a dying, but a giuing vp; not of a vanishing and aery breath, but of a spirituall soule, which after separation, hath an entire life in it selfe. *He gaue vp the Ghost.* Hee died, that hath both ouercome and sanctified, and sweetned death. What feareſt thou? he hath puld out the sting and malignity of death: if thou bee a Christian, cary it in thy bosome, it hurts thee not. Dar'st thou not trust thy Redeemer? If hee had not died, death had been a Tyrant; now he is a slaue. *O Death, where is thy sting? O Graue, where is thy victorie?* Yet the Spirit of God saith not hee died, but *gaue vp the Ghost.* The very heathen

Poet

Poet saith; *He durst not say that a good man dies.* It is worth the noting (me thinks) that when S. Luke would describe to vs the death of Ananias and Sapphira, he saith (ἐξέψυξε) *hee expired*: but when S. Iohn would describe Christs death, he saith (παρέδωκε τὸ πνεῦμα) *he gaue vp the Ghost.* How gaue he it vp? and whither? How? so as after a sort he retained it: his soule parted from his body; his Godhead was neuer distracted, either frõ soule or body. This vnion is not in nature; but in person. If the natures of Christ could be diuided, each would haue his subsistence; so there should bee more persons. God forbid: one Acts. 5. 5.

of the natures therefore, may hatie a ſeparation in it ſelfe; the ſoule from the body: one nature cannot bee ſeparate from other, or either nature from the perſon. If you cannot conceiue, wonder: the Sonne of GOD hath wedded vnto himſelfe our humanitie, without all poſſibilitie of diuorce; the body hangs on the Croſſe, the ſoule is yielded; the Godhead is euiternally vnited to them both; acknowledges, ſuſtaines them both. The ſoule in his agony feeles not the preſence of the Godhead; the body, vpon the Croſſe, feeles not the preſence of the ſoule. Yet, as the Fathers of Chalcedon ſay

truly

truly (ἀδιαιρέτος; ἀχωρίστως,) indiuisibly, inseparably is the Godhead, with both of these, still and euer, one and the same person. The Passion of Christ (as Augustine) was the sleep of his Diuinitie: so, I may say; The death of Christ, was the sleep of his Humanitie. *If hee sleepe, hee shall doe well*; said that disciple, of Lazarus. Death vvas too weake to dissolue the eternall bonds of this heauenly coniunction. Let not vs Christians goe too much by sense; we may be firmely knit to God, & not feele it. Thou canst not hope to be so neer to thy God as Christ was, vnited personally: thou canst not fear, that God should

Quantũcũque deieceris, humilior non eris Christ. Hieron.

seeme more absent from thee, then he did from his own Son; yet was hee still one with both body & soule, when they were diuided from thẽselues. When he was absent to sense, hee was present to faith; when absent in vision, yet in vnion one and the same: so will he be to thy soule when it is at worst. Hee is thine, and thou art his: if thy hold seeme loosened, his is not. Whẽ temptations will not let thee see him, hee sees thee, and possesses thee; onely belieue thou against sense, aboue hope: and tho he kil thee, yet trust in him. Whither gaue hee it vp? Himselfe expresses; *Father, into thy hands*: and, *This day thou shalt*

be with mee in Paradiſe. It is iuſtice to reſtore whence wee receiue; *Into thy hands.* He knew where it ſhould be both ſafe & happie: true; he might be bold (thou ſaiſt) as the Son with the Father. The ſeruants haue done ſo; Dauid before him, Steuen after him. And leaſt we ſhould not think it our common right, *Father*, ſaith hee, *I will that thoſe thou haſt giuen mee, may be with me, euen where I am*; hee willes it; therefore it muſt be. It is not preſumption, but faith, to charge God with thy ſpirit; neither can there euer be any beleeuing ſoule ſo meane, that he ſhould refuſe it: all the feare is in thy ſelf; how canſt thou truſt

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thy iewell with a ſtranger? What ſuddaine familiaritie is this? God hath been with thee, and gone by thee; thou haſt not ſaluted him: and now in all the haſt thou bequeatheſt thy ſoule to him. On what acquaintance? How deſperate is this careleſneſſe!

If thou haue but a little money, whether thou keepe it, thou lay'ſt it vp in the Temple of Truſt; or whether thou let it; thou art ſure of good aſſurance, ſound bonds. If but a little land, how carefully dooſt thou make firme conueyances to thy deſired heires? If goods, thy will hath taken ſecure order vvho ſhall enioy them; we need not teach

you Cittizens to make ſure worke for your eſtates: If children, thou diſpoſeſt of them in trades, with portions: onelie of thy ſoule (which is thy ſelfe) thou knoweſt not what ſhal become. The world muſt haue it no more; thy ſelf would'ſt keep it, but thou know'ſt thou canſt not: Satan would haue it; and thou know'ſt not whether hee ſhall: thou wouldeſt haue God haue it; and thou knoweſt not whether hee will: yea, thy hart is now ready with Pharaoh, to ſay; *Who is the Lorde?* O the fearefull and miſerable eſtate of that man, that muſt part with his ſoule, hee knowes not whither! Which, if thou wouldeſt

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auoide (as this very vvarning ſhall iudge thee if thou do not) bee acquainted vvith GOD in thy life, that thou maiſt make him the Gardian of thy ſoule, in thy death. Giuen vp it muſt needs be; but to him that hath gouern'd it: if thou haue giuen it to Satan in thy life; hovv canſt thou hope God will in thy death entertaine it? *Did you not hate me, and expell mee out of my fathers houſe; how then come ye to me now in this time of your tribulation*; ſaid Ieptha, to the men of Gilead. No, no: either giue vp thy ſoule to God while he calls for it in his word, in the prouocations of his loue, in his afflictions, in the holy motions

of

of his ſpirit to thine: or elſe whē thou wouldeſt giue it, hee vvill none of it, but as a Iudge, to deliuer it to the Tormentor.

What ſhould God do, with an vncleane, drunken, profane, proud, couetous ſoule? Without holineſſe, it is no ſeeing of GOD: *Depart from me, yee wicked; I know yee not*; goe to the Gods you haue ſerued. See how GOD is euen with men: they had in the time of the Goſpell, ſaid to the holy one of Iſraell; *Depart from vs:* now in the time of iudgement, he ſaith to them; *Depart from me.* They would not knowe God when they might; now God will not knowe them when they would.

Novv therefore (beloued) if thou would'ſt not haue GOD ſcorne the offer of thy death-bed, fit thy ſoule for him in thy health; furniſh it with grace; inure it to a ſweet conuerſation with the God of heauen: then maiſt thou boldly giue it vp; & he ſhall as graciouſly receiue it, yea, fetch it by his Angels to his glory.

Hee gaue vp the Ghoſt. Wee muſt doe as hee did; not all with the ſame ſucceſſe. *Giuing vp*, ſuppoſes a receiuing, a returning. This in-mate that vve haue in our boſome, is ſent to lodge heer for a time; may not dwell heere alwaies. The right of this tenure, is the Lords, not

ours.

ours. As hee ſaid of the hatchet; *It is but lent*, it muſt be reſtored: It is ours to keepe; his to diſpoſe and require. See and conſider both our priuiledge and charge; It is not with vs as vvith brute Creatures: vvee haue a liuing Ghoſt to informe vs, vvhich yet is not ours, (and, alas, what is ours, if our ſoules be not?) but muſt bee giuen vp; to him that gaue it.

O VVhy doe wee liue, as thoſe that tooke no keepe of ſo glorious a gueſt? as thoſe that ſhould neuer part vvith it; as thoſe that thinke it giuen them to ſpend; not to returne with a reckoning?

If thou hadst no soule, if a mortall one, if thine owne, if neuer to bee required, hovv couldest thou liue but sensuallie? Oh remember but vvho thou art, what thou hast, and whither thou must; and thou shalt liue like thy selfe vvhile thou art, and giue vp thy Ghost confidently vvhen thou shalt cease to bee. Neither is there heere more certaintie of our departure then comfort. Carie this with thee to thy death-bed; and see if it can refresh thee, when all the world cannot giue thee one dramme of comfort. Our spirit is our deerest riches: if wee should lose it, here were iust cause of griefe. Howle and

lament, if thou thinkeſt thy ſoule periſheth: it is not forfeited, but ſurrendred. How ſafely doth our ſoule paſſe through the gates of death, without any impeachment, while it is in the hands of the Almightie? Woe were vs, if he did not keep it while we haue it; much more when we reſtore it. Wee giue it vp to the ſame hands that created, infuſed, redeemed, renewed, that doe protect, preſerue, eſtabliſh, and will crowne it: *I knowe whom I haue beleeued; and I am perſwaded, that he is able to keepe that which I haue committed to him againſt that day.* O ſecure and happy eſtate of the godly! O bleſſed ex-

change of our condition: while our ſoule dwells in our breaſt, how is it ſubiect to infinite miſeries? diſtempred vvith paſſions, charged with ſinnes, vexed with tentations; aboue, none of theſe: how ſhould it bee otherwiſe? This is our pilgrimage, that our home: this our wildernesſe, that our land of promiſe: this our bondage, that our kingdom. Our impotency cauſeth this our ſorrow.

VVhen our ſoule is once giuen vppe, vvhat cuill ſhall reach vnto heauen, and wreſtle with the Almightie? Our loathneſſe to giue vp, comes from our ignorance and infidelitie. No man goes vnwillinglie to a

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certaine preferment; *I deſire to be diſſolued*, ſaith Paule: *I haue ſerued thee, I haue beleeued thee, and now I come to thee*, ſaith Luther: The voices of Saints, not of men. If thine heart can ſay thus, thou ſhalt not need to intreat with old Hilarion, *Egredere mea anima, egredere; quid times? Go thy waies forth my ſoule, goe forth: what feareſt thou?* but it ſhall flie vp alone cheerefully from thee; and giue vp it ſelfe, into the armes of GOD, as a faithfull Creator and Redeemer. This earth is not the element of thy ſoule; it is not where it ſhould be: It ſhal be no leſſe thine, when it is more the owners. Thinke now ſeriouſlie

of this point; Gods Angell is abroad, and ſtrikes on all ſides; wee knowe not which of our turnes ſhall be the next: we are ſure wee carie deathes enowe within vs. If wee be readie, our day cannot come too ſoone. Stir vp thy ſoule to an heauenlie cheerfulneſſe, like thy Sauiour: Know but whither thou art going; and thou canſt not but with diuine Paule, ſay from our Sauiours mouth, euen in this ſenſe; *It is a more bleſſed thing to giue, then to receiue.* GOD cannot abide an vnwilling gueſt. Giue vp that ſpirit to him, which hee hath giuen thee; and hee will both receiue what thou giueſt, and giue it

Vt contra: *Nullam animã recipio, quæ me nolente ſeparatur à corpore. Hieron.*

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thee againe, with that glorie and happineſſe vvhich can neuer bee conceiued, and ſhall neuer bee ended. Euen ſo, Lord IESVS, Come quicklie.

Gloria in excelſis Deo.